The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

VOL. IV. (New Series.) No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1906. PRICE ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1.	Why? Poem	161
2.	The Church Congress on "The Parting of the Ways"	161
3.	In the same Family, yet Strangers	165
4.	Carrying the Pack	166
5.	The New Trinitarianism	168
6.	The Ninth Symphony. Poem	170
7.	Notes and Jottings	171
8.	"Seed Corn"	172
9.	Personal Experience	173
10.	Pleasantries	173
11.	A Violin	174
12.	Bobby's Question. Poem	174
13.	The Children's Service. Poem	175
14.	Life's Denials	175

Why?

THE dear birds sing
When skies are gray;
When raindrops fall
All through the day;
When earth is parched and springs are dry.
Why shouldn't I?

The daisy blooms
In her sweet way,
And envies not
The lilies gay
That live in shady woods near by.
Why shouldn't I?

The soft white clouds
In skies of blue
Just smile and float
The whole day through,
Nor fear a fall from place so high.
Why shouldn't I?

To smile, to sing,
When skies are gray;
To envy not
My neighbour gay;
Without a tear, without a sigh.
I'll try, I'll try.

HARRIETTE W. M'CALPIN.

The good are not so good as they think themselves; the wicked are not so wicked as the good think them.

The Church Congress on "The Parting of the Ways."

(The substance of an address given on Sunday morning, Oct. 7th, in the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham).

THE week through which we have just passed has been rich in incidents, speeches, sermons, and events, full of significance to all who watch the signs of the times. There is the communication sent by the Prime Minister to the Archbishop of Canterbury, *permitting* Convocation to discuss and recommend some alteration in one part of the Prayer Book, namely, that which deals with ornaments and ritual. That permission is a singular comment on the Bishop of Carlisle's humorous claim that the Church of England is as free as the Free Churches! Certainly a Church can hardly be called "Free," that cannot discuss and amend its own rules without the permission of the Prime Minister, as representing the Government of the day. It is of course an accident of the office that it happens to be held by a Scotch Presbyterian; that fact, however, adds a certain piquancy to the situation. Then there is the address of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the President of the Baptist Union, with its broad, ethical, humanitarian note, all the more remarkable as coming from an old-fashioned Evangelical.

Yet these incidents pale before the doings of the Church Congress just concluded at Bar-

row. As usual the profoundest divergencies of opinion were revealed, causing the outsider to wonder again, how it is that birds of so very different a feather should yet be included in one nest. Here, for instance, is Lord Halifax, declaring that "the principles of the English Reformation are things to be repented of with tears and in ashes," while the Dean of Canterbury replies that these principles are to be "strenuously upheld by all the moral and spiritual influence of Churchmen." What is it holds two such antagonistic men in the same Church?

More important, however, than these clashing statements are the deliverances of Bishops Diggle and Gore, the one in his presidential address to the Congress, and the other in his sermon preached on the same occasion. Here, again, we have two men differing from each other on many important points wide as the poles asunder. Dr. Diggle, the Bishop of Carlisle, is a Broad Evangelical, while Dr. Gore, Bishop of Birmingham, is the highest of High Churchmen. While to the question, "Does the Bible govern the teaching of the Church, or the Church govern the teaching of the Bible," Bishop Diggle places the authority of the Bible above that of the Church; Bishop Gore gives the primary place to the Church. A great gulf separates these two views, wider than any that separates the Trinitarians from the Unitarians. But their difference on so fundamental a matter only emphasises their agreement as to the shortcomings and parlous condition of the Church to which they belong. Both agree that the Church has come to a parting of the ways, and must take a great forward step if it is to retain, or indeed regain what they aver it has lost—its hold on the great masses of the population. "Reform or Ruin" is the alarming phrase of Bishop Diggle; and although Bishop Gore approaches the question from another point of view, his whole sermon was an enforcement of the cry, "Reform or Ruin."

Let me first speak of the sermon. Its point lay in its text: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." These words condemn the Church of England, declared Bishop Gore. "Christ chose to be born of a poor artisan family. He chose his apostles from the same class. He evidently meant to impress the world with the great truth that the possession of wealth was a hindrance to the life of the spirit. Christianity does not indeed glorify the pauper's lot; it does not love squalor; but, the Bishop tells us, it takes its stand on the truth of human nature, that luxury means spiritual ineptitude." Moreover, "Men of the artisan class have a natural aptitude for prayer, which is commonly denied to men of other social grades." "The Church has had many noteworthy gains in the last century. It has asserted the right of criticism of its records; it has won some freedom of Catholic worship; the spirit of reform has become active; the sense of human brotherhood has grown to be the common possession of its members; but 'it all hangs fire. The Church's appeal to the democracy remains ineffective. Her ministry, so far as it is addressed to the people to whom its Founder and His Apostles belonged, is, after certain splendid exceptions are admitted, almost powerless. The reason of this failure is obvious. The Church has become the Church of the rich rather than of the poor, of capital rather than labour. The opinions and prejudices which govern her administration are those of the higher classes. The Church is in fact, engaged in perpetuating a feudal spirit in an age when such a spirit has become a disabling anachronism. Her bishops are held to be aristocrats, her clergy incarnate the spirit of the gentry and the professional classes, her system of charitable relief savours of patronage." Speaking with a measured utterance, the preacher declared that the problem which was vital for the Church was how to return without violence and revolution to the position as the New Testament discloses it. "This sermon," said he, "is the cry of a troubled conscience which has failed clearly to see its way. The Catholic movement within the Church has failed to realise the hopes which it inspired."

Now the Catholic movement, the Oxford movement, is so dear to High Churchmen, that the confession of its failure to touch the artisan class of the country must have come with surprise and pain to a good many of the Bishop's audience. Yet along another line

the same confession was made by Dr. Diggle. Dr. Gore confessed the failure of the Oxford movement from the social and democratic point of view. "The solemn fact about the Church of England to-day," said Dr. Diggle, "is that so small a proportion of the whole population, and a still smaller proportion of the male population, attend her services." And this is due, according to the Bishop, to the lack of intellectual progress—that she does not keep pace with the knowledge of the times. "The Church has become stereotyped. She has wilfully blinded herself. The Oxford movement enriched her with many gains, but it also inflicted many losses, and these must now be reckoned. That movement left many questions unsettled which now must be faced." The Bishop then proceeds to enumerate a round dozen of these questions to be faced :—

"What meanest thou by this word Church? The churchman ought to be quite sure whether by the Church he means the whole body of the baptised, or only a selection from them; whether the Church includes non-episcopal communions, or is limited by descent through episcopacy; what is the real distinction between the church visible and invisible; what is the true nature of a sacrament, and particularly, what is the true Christian rank of the second sacrament in the economy of the Gospel; whether the Church governs the doctrines of the Bible, or the Bible governs the doctrines of the Church; whether persons my search the scriptures freely and independently for themselves, or only search them after they have been taught to find nothing else save that for which they have been authorised to look; whether tradition has the authority of truth or truth be indispensable to the authority of tradition; whether any Council since apostolic days has been so free from error as to claim infallibility for its decrees; on what precise grounds and to what extent the opinions of ancient fathers are of greater value than those of modern theologians and divines; whether God the Holy Ghost be not as much the Living Guide of the Church in the twentieth as in any preceding century; whether the Church is a dead edifice walled in by the barriers of the past, or a living organism glorying in its ancestry, yet receiving direct from God in each succeeding age the moral strength and spiritual elevation which that age requires."

These are drastic questions on which the Church of England seems hopelessly divided. The answer given by the Oxford movement, says the Bishop, can no longer be accepted as final and decisive. And for this reason :—

"Whether the Church moves or not, the world moves. With the world knowledge grows from more to more; it is for the Church to secure that with the growing knowledge a growing reverence dwells. But to this end the Church's knowledge must keep abreast of the world's knowledge. In two distinct and very notable directions the world's knowledge of to-day is entirely different from that of a hundred years ago. First, it is penetrating down to the masses; and next, it is becoming increasingly scientific in temper. With regard to the latter of these directions, we know that the fundamental attributes of the scientific temper are a passion for fearless inquiry and a devotion to demonstrated truth, however contrary to accepted opinion. How does the Church of England to-day intend to treat the scientific temper of the age? Does she intend to welcome it as a friend or resist it as a foe? And with regard to the general diffusion of knowledge, we see that one result has already been to diminish amazingly the orbit of ecclesiastical authority. The clergy are no longer the chief depositaries of secular, or the sole depositaries of sacred, learning. Our Universities are no longer close, clerical seminaries. When Caxton gave the printing-press to the world he dug the grave of clerical autocracy and ecclesiastical infallibility, and planted therein a little tree in whose outspreading branches the birds of both psychic and spiritual reason are now building their nests. And the question of all questions for every Christian community is, 'What course will it take in relation to these stupendous changes?' We know what reply the Roman Church is giving to this question, and we know also what answer the nations are giving to that reply. We know what reply the Greek Church is giving, and vast rumblings are in the air in answer to that reply. In its turn every other Christian community will be required to give its reply; and I ask to-day, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, What reply will the Church of England give? Will she be primitive without being progressive? Will she shut herself in behind walls of tottering traditions? Will she shrink into a denomination within the nation? Will she educate her priests as seminarists? Will she keep the cup of power, if not of sacrament, from the laity? Will she make theology the basis of religion? Or will she choose the better part, and be both primitive and progressive, not discarding tradition, but preferring truth; not ceasing to be definite while desiring to be enlightened, training her clergy, not in caste exclusiveness, but in clear comprehensive thinking, making life in God the basis of religion and life for man its evidence, bringing the light and power of the Gospel to bear on all national, intellectual, social, and moral problems; according a glad welcome to all reverent

inquiry, and a loving embrace to every kind of truth."

It is to be doubted whether so tremendous an indictment as this which the two Bishops concurred in delivering as their message to the Congress, has ever been heard at any gathering of Churchmen in modern times. Also, these searchings of heart have their significance elsewhere. All Churches are conscious of failure to reach and hold the great artisan class of this country; all Churches have become stereotyped in their methods; it is hard to get out of the deep ruts; and if the Liberal Churches have been more open to the intellectual atmosphere of the time than others, they must sadly admit they do not succeed any better than their orthodox neighbours. If in the one case intellectual stagnation is the main secret of failure, is not spiritual stagnation the secret of the other? In the one case there is zeal minus intelligence, and in the other intelligence minus zeal. And which is more disastrous it were hard to tell.

Bishop Gore's prescription, for bringing the artisan class into the Church, however heroic, does not appear very adequate. It may be an entirely wise thing to take charitable reliefs out of the hands of the Churches and hand it over to the municipality, but that will not make the Churches one whit more attractive to the poor than they are now. It may be well to cut down Bishop's salaries; it may be desirable that the clergy should live a life of comparative poverty; that their ranks should be more and more recruited from the artisan class, and that while thoroughly educated for this special work, they should continue to live as artisans and cottagers live. Yet these remedies seem almost as futile as the famous pills that were good for the earthquake. They are all on the surface. Deeper down are the things that really affect working-class opinion. It is the glaring inconsistency of the life of Churches and Church members with the Sermon on the Mount; it is the defective ethical standards, the defective humanitarian sympathies, the class distinctions, the appeal to creed and authority rather than to common sense, right, reason, and experience, that affect the attitude of labour to the Churches. It is not the labour is atheistic or widely irreligious; it is that it suspects ecclesiasticism, and asks for a religion of social regeneration, and real brotherhood, and that asserts no more than is verifiable in human experience. Dr. Diggle appears to be much nearer the mark than Dr. Gore. What answer will the Church give to the dozen questions he asks? The working men of England will never again accept a Church or a religion that claims for itself authority to decide what men shall believe; they will never be brought into a fold where priests are a class apart from common men, having supernatural endowments denied to the laity. Ill-educated as they are, they yet know enough of science and history, and criticism to set aside as incredible, stories of talking serpents and asses, and rods changed into snakes, and the sun stayed in his course that a Jewish army might work its vengeance on its foes. No one will convince them again that either Church or Bible is infallible. It is the pretensions of the Church to speak with authority; it is the clash of so much of the teaching of the Church with growing knowledge; it is the constant appeal to antiquity and precedent, and tradition, to the ignoring of reason and right feeling; it is the insistence on the acceptance of mysterious dogmas rather than loving mercy, and doing justly, and walking humbly; it is zeal for the Church rather than zeal for the truth—it is these things which are the real hindrance. Dr. Diggle is aware of all this: hence his series of searching questions. Nevertheless he is confident. While the Church is at the parting of the ways, she will presently take the right path—the path of the progressive—both in thought and action; she will take her stand not on theology as a basis but on a life lived with God for man. His concluding words may be taken to heart by men of all Churches. "It is not enough to recapitulate what a Church has done in the past, whether for truth or freedom. The present generation rightly asks, 'What service is the Church conferring now.' The world of to-day is very different from that of mediæval times, or even that of 50 years ago."

"It has become a world of increasing reverence for reason and of diminishing submission to authority. It has become a world with both a

worse and a better side than formerly: the worse side is the materialism engendered by inordinate wealth and inordinate poverty: the better side is the spread of knowledge, the love of truth, the sense of human brotherhood. In presence of both these vast developments, what shall we Christians do? Shall we carnalise and materialise our holy religion? Shall we shrink from enlightenment and dread the iconoclasm of truth, and, magnifying hostilities among ourselves, show the world that we neither know nor care what human brotherhood means? Or shall we, for the sake of the Divine Redeemer and the sinful redeemed, close our ranks resolute to break materialism in pieces with the forces of the Spirit of God, the God of all kinds of good knowledge, the Author and Giver of all kinds of truth, the Loving Father of all men, in love of Whom all men of every race and Church are brethren?"

That is a noble utterance, and not without its signification for us.

JOSEPH WOOD.

In the same Family, yet Strangers.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

IT is one of the most startling of facts connected with human life that men and women —and children—in their deepest experiences are so much isolated.

There are many persons whom we have met every day for years, and yet we do not know them. We suppose we do, but we are quite mistaken. It is only the external that we know, not the real persons. Indeed there are those who have lived for years under our own roofs, into the worlds of whose deeper lives very likely we have never once entered or even looked, who in spirit are as much strangers as if our homes were on different continents.

There are brothers and sisters who grow up together, but who never know each other except in the most superficial way, who never come close enough to each other to be sharers in each other's deeper joys and sorrows. What an irreparable loss is this!

There are husbands and wives who always remain strangers. Read Thomas Carlyle's pathetic, almost heart-breaking confessions concerning his wife, made after her death. I think this is just what those confessions mean. In his intense absorption in his literary work he lived a self-centred and isolated life. This left her to live an isolated life—so isolated and lonely that her heart almost broke. When she was dead, he saw the wrong he had done her. But it was too late. He could only pour out his heart in unavailing tears. If we would know how bitterly he repented, we must go and watch him as in age and infirmity he makes his regular pilgrimage to her grave, and there, in the quiet village churchyard, kneel with his hands clutching the grass in the passion of his grief, and kisses again and again the dear spot where she sleeps. How great the pity that a heart which so truly loved should have allowed the very object of his love to starve and pine away and die for want of sympathy and heart companionship!

There are parents who never become acquainted with their children, and children who never at all deeply know their parents. Oh, the pity of that and the loss to both, greater than words can tell! There are many parents who are never able to influence their children. As soon as the children grow up, they are off into wild and thoughtless, and often evil, ways, with no regard for the wishes of those whom they ought to honour and love, and heed. Why is this? Oftener than otherwise it is because throughout all their childhood years they have been allowed to live so far away from their parents as regards their thoughts, their sympathies, their ideals, their real heart interests. The father has been so busy with his profession or his daily work, and the mother has been so much absorbed in her daily cares or her society engagements, that they have forgotten that their children had their joys and sorrows, problems to solve, burdens to bear, aspirations and disappointments,—an unseen soul life, much of it to them very tragic,—in which they so much needed, and would have responded so eagerly to, the loving interest and sympathy of father and mother. And so, because the father and mother did not get near them in their young years, when it would have been so easy, so beautiful, and so helpful, they now find themselves separated by a gulf which they do not see how to bridge.

O mothers, spare some time from your "much serving" in outward things, or from your "social" life, much of which is so superficial and barren, and give it to your chil-

dren! Not to their clothes—they have hats and dresses enough. These are not the important things. Give your time and thought to their eager minds and starved hearts.

Fathers, spare some time—more than you do—from the rush and drive of your work, to get acquainted with your children,—to walk with them, to play with them, to talk with them real heart talks about the things that most deeply interest them, to find out their deep, earnest thoughts, to get into their confidence, to become their close and trusted friends. Believe me, it will pay! It will be worth infinitely more to you than money. It will be worth more to your children than anything else in all this world. It will make them yours as otherwise they can never be. It will fasten them to you with hooks of steel.

Perhaps there has never been a more significant sentence written in regard to parental relations and child-training than that great word of Froebel,—"Come, let us live with our children." Not *for* them—to make money for them, to provide endless things for them—not that! All that is utterly superficial. Come let us live *with* them: that is the deep, the vital, the absolutely *essential thing.*

And Froebel's thought may well be given an application much wider than childhood. Is it not the great need of *all human life,* to learn to *live with one another?*

Toronto, Canada.

Carrying the Pack.

THE traditional pedler and the old-fashioned Christian of "Pilgrim's Progress" type are symbols of humanity at large, for in fact there are very few human beings who have not some sort of pack to carry. The fortunate are those who can at times unstrap their burden, lay it aside, and even forget its existence, while the luckless are never free from the sore back and the galling of their load.

If we are observers of faces and forms in the ordinary walks of life, in the crowded town, in the fields, or along the main travelled roads, we cannot escape the knowledge of the pack animal aside from horses, oxen, mules, and donkeys,—the human beast of burden weighed down under a load that saps the forces of life. His face is bent earthward under the pack, his back is bowed, his arms hang listlessly, and the main effort of existence is the adjustment and shifting of the burden so that it may gall sensitive spots a little less sorely.

The Pharisees, Jesus declared, bound heavy burdens on the people's backs, and lifted no finger to lighten them. He had a vivid consciousness of the overloaded portion of humanity, and His severest condemnations are for those who are callous to the sufferings of others, or who buckle the straps and draw the cords until they cut into quivering human flesh. The burdens imposed on others by greed and selfishness are no less heavy now than they were in His time, and the struggle of the race upward from below is mainly an effort to cast off the pack, and stand free and unencumbered in the face of heaven. It is pathetic to think how this struggle has gone on through the slow, heavy-footed ages, and the multitudes who have perished in the effort to cast off the pack that law and custom and oppression had bound upon them. The thrilling invitation of Jesus —"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—has been ever to the bowed and pack-ridden like cool, fresh water to the parched tongue of the desert traveller.

The weary bearers of the world's physical burdens are not the only people harnessed to packs and forced to stagger forward on a difficult path. The hindrances of heredity, of temperament, of temptation, a weak will and insatiate appetites may be likened to fardels that gall and sting the back, and are only cast off through a stern and terrible discipline of life. The hindrances and impediments of life that lie in ourselves or in our relations to others are innumerable; and, strange to say, each pack is distinctive, not transferrable, fitted by some strange fate to the back it galls, and so individual and characteristic that it often defies the effort to win sympathy through comprehension. Therefore it is a mystery of life that seals the lips and lines the face and bows the back and dooms to heart and soul loneliness.

But, strange to say, carrying, or helping carry, the pack of another who has fallen

by the way oftens lightens our own burden. The childless woman is lifted rather than bowed by the infant that comes into her arms. The consciousness of being helpful to another in some pinch of need is an unspeakable relief to the dull weight and pressure of our own pack. Helpfulness is one of the primitive pleasures, so sweet and consoling, we meet with it often from people who, we feel, can ill afford to waste time and energy on others when they are themselves so heavy laden. But, whatever our burdens may be, it seems well understood by properly constituted people that the luxury of giving a lift to a friend or neighbour when the call comes cannot be neglected. It is one of the great sweeteners of our tired days, and cures the galled back better than salve or ointment.

It does not do to say that the human pack is illusory and non-existent, as the Christian Scientists say is the case with matter. We have but to look at the crowd as it passes us on the street to see how deep an impress the burdens of life have made. Faces are the paling tsets of the soul. Under the smile or grimace or smirk is the tragic writing marked in line and contour. The pack is there hidden on the shoulder, and ensconced in it is disease, death, disappointment, lost hopes, and illusions, not to speak of sin and crime and the records of moral struggle and defeat.

We own the pack. We adjust it as best we can, shifting it from side to side. Sometimes we forget it, and laugh it away; but it comes back in the night watches and the hours of self-communion. We cannot get rid of it by willing or resolving. However, there are packs self-imposed that can be thrown off by force of reason, good temper, patience, and such Christian forbearance as we may possess. The pack of worry, irritability, the borrowing of trouble, as it is called, suspicion, and jealousy are well within the control of the higher qualities of character, and, if eliminated, do wonders toward lightening our loads, whether of the body or the spirit. To resolve stoutly that our burdens shall not sink us in the Slough of Despond is an excellent preventive of melancholia, if not of insanity. Let us have the fight out with all our besetments and hindrances, and resolve to win. A stout heart and noble courage look life in the eye undaunted, and see there reflected a good, brave world full of noble opportunities for service; and, this being granted, we may carry our pack with a song or a jest, and be as welcome to all worthy people as fresh air and sunshine.

"Cast all your cares on God: that anchor holds,"

was the word of Enoch Arden to his wife when he said good-bye, and it is the great word for all who are heavy laden. Only God can enter when we are shut away from the sympathy of loved ones, afriad to tell how bad things are. Only God can enter the sterile loneliness, the heavy depression and foreboding of evil. In the hour when we search for light, and find none, it is only God who helps us and console. "Come unto Me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Try to care about something in this vast world besides the gratification of small, selfish desires. Look on other lives besides your own. See what their troubles are, and how they are borne.—*George Eliot.*

The surest criterion of our advancing in real excellence and perfection of character is our acquiring a disposition to think less of ourselves and of our own happiness, and more of that of others.—*Dr. Priestley.*

You are not simply a reservoir *into* which so much truth, goodness, greatness, is to be poured, there to remain for ever. You are a channel through which God is transmitting his life and love to other men. That you are, or you are nothing.—*J. F. Dutton.*

Every power that is put into action goes on to a determined limit, assigned by God. His judgments are not judgments that wait like thunderbolts under his throne, ready to dart forth when he shall command; but they are accumulating in the soul of every man in the relation in which every man stands to his fellow-men.—*W. H. Channing.*

The New Trinitarianism.

By Henry Goodwin Smith, D.D.

The old Trinitarianism—that of Athanasius and the creeds—we may or may not believe to be true, yet we will agree that it was, and still is, a very important and time-honoured doctrine. Although it has always been considered a mystery, the old Trinitarianism stood clearly on one definite base. The appeal to Scripture settled the first issues at Nicæa and has settled the question for believers ever since—until the rise of the new Trinitarianism of our day.

Hitherto Trinitarianism has been grounded fairly and squarely, on proof-texts. It was held true because this and that passage of Scripture declared it or implied it or involved it. Never before our time have "evangelical" preachers and theologians tried to base the dogma anywhere else than on the appeal to Scripture.

"I will swing the Pantheon in air!" cried Michael Angelo, as he planned the lofty dome of St. Peter's. It will be found, however, that the great artist-architect placed a thoroughly adequate foundation beneath.

Some present-day theologians are attempting a more ambitious task than Angelo's. They are removing the central dogma of tradition, that of the Trinity, from the only historical and logical basis it ever rested on; and they are endeavouring to swing it aloft, supported on axioms, such as "God is Love," therefore he is a Trinity. They are even trying to buoy it up on airy apothegms, such as "God is a socialist Deity," therefore he must be a Trinity; "God is the Archetypal Family," hence a Trinity; "God has in him infinite wealth of Being," therefore a Trinity.

All of these modern defenders of the faith hold prevalent, critical theories of the authority, or lack of authority, of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. One of them especially rejects emphatically the traditional methods of interpreting the Bible. The Bible, he says, is not an unquestionable authority for questionable opinions; it is now servant, and not master; a text is no longer conclusive proof of truth. "The old temple of dogmatic belief," we are told, "has fallen down."

But, with a confidence quite undismayed by the crash of temples and the fall of creeds, we are given a very definite and forcible analysis of the innermost nature of the Eternal and Infinite.

"God must be the social man carried to his highest." "There must be in God the archetype of humanity." "The whole God must be a God with an ineffable society in himself."

A reference to the dictionary meaning of the word "ineffable" disturbs the oratorical force of the last sentence, and even leaves it a puzzle to the mere understanding. "Ineffable" means that which cannot be declared or that which must not be declared. After reading these reiterated declarations as to just what God "must be," it would seem as if "ineffable" were probably a misprint for "effable." These declarations should not, of course, be viewed as dogmatic: the temple of dogmatism has fallen down, but it does look as if some of the stones were lying around loose.

"The Trinitarian discussion," our author tells us, "must take on a new form," and this new form of the discussion is indicated in a very interesting way by the suggestive statement that God is "in his innermost being an eternal family."

We are solemnly warned that this is not a subject for dialectical sport; "behind the dialectical movement there must be the human sense of meaning, of worth, of truth." This is admirable and to the point. So let us ask ourselves what human sense of meaning, of worth, of truth, there is in the assertion that God is an "eternal," or, to use another favourite adjective of the writer's, an "archetypal" family.

Unless an archetypal family differs radically from a human family, there may be found in it four fundamental relations. First, the mutual relation between parents; second, the mutual relation between parents and children; third, the mutual relation between children; fourth, the relation of the family as a whole to all outside. In the light of these four relations, what may we say the archetypal family is or, rather, "must be"?

Are there mutual relations between parents in the archetypal family? According to some Oriental speculations, the Holy Spirit is the mother in the Trinity; but, according to the

creeds of Europe, the Holy Spirit "proceeds" from the Father or from both Father and Son. The parental relation in the eternal family seems, then, to be unitary; but we are told on the next page that to be "unitary" is to be a "self-sufficient, eternal egoist, without love."

As to the second relation, between parents and children, we have in the New Testament, especially in St. John, the mutual relation of the "Father" and the "Son" frequently expressed; but, if the three persons of the Trinity are all a family, what is the Holy Spirit? Is he a parent or a child or an unknown quantity in terms of family? This second relation provides as much perplexity as it does illumination concerning the nature of the eternal family.

As to the third relation, that among the children, we have the same uncertainty as to the status of the Holy Spirit. What possible relation does he hold in the archetypal family?

The fourth relation, to all outside, introduces another perplexity in the eternal family. An eternal not-family "must be" assumed, in order to keep the eternal family from the "horrors" of being "unitary" and "egoistic."

To sum up: in the four relations of a family, in the "human sense of meaning," three are wholly inapplicable to the "eternal family," and the fourth introduces as much darkness as it does light; that is, only one-half of one-quarter of the relationships of a human family have any sense of meaning, of worth, of truth, when predicated of the archetypal family. We had better go back to the discarded text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses.

Let us consider next the entirely undogmatic assertions that a "Unitary God," a "lonely, individualist Deity," is "conceivable only as a self-sufficient, eternal egoist," that God, if viewed as "a bare unit," is "sincerely to be pitied"; for his being would be "the image of calamity" and his life would be "a superlative horror." These arguments for a "socialist Deity" may or may not be helpful to uphold a Trinity; but, if they are, they are a good deal better for proving a Pantheon. They are evidently drawn from Olympus, and not from Sinai. If three persons may constitute a rather restricted "eternal society" for the mutual exercise of moral qualities (which is necessary to keep them from being selfish), three thousand eternal persons would seem to attain the altruistic end a thousand times more satisfactorily.

Another younger writer tells us that the Trinitarian formula still appeals to "the plain man" as "an attempt to express the Christian world's experience of the infinite wealth of being in God." How does the number three express infinity, even to a very plain man, more satisfactorily than the number one? This argument might convert a Kaffir to orthodoxy, but why should it have any effect on any one who can count four? Indefinite polytheism is a far worthier expression of the "infinite wealth of being in God," if we are to compute that fulness arithmetically by the number of persons expressing it.

A third theologian, in presenting the claims of Christianity to an Oriental audience, presents the Trinity as a corollary of the truth that God is Love. With the others quoted, he avoids entirely the documentary, Biblical proof of the dogma, and places it upon a great moral or spiritual basis.

Is it clear that the love of God involves Trinitarianism necessarily? In the *Independent*, two or three years ago, Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., said: "The doctrine of the Trinity is not essential to Christianity because it has nothing to do with love. We do not understand it, and therefore do not know whether it is true." When Doctors of Divinity disagree diametrically, it is just as safe, in these piping days of journalism, to be wrong with an editor as right with a theological professor.

The three writers quoted are not sinners above all Israel. They are simply representative, fairly representative, of a very curious tendency in the Protestant churches to-day. This tendency is radicalism as to the Bible mixed with conservatism as to the creeds. But no man can study creeds intelligently without finding out that their essential basis is Bible. These three writers, then, and the many others they speak for, are trying to prop up a historical effect,—the dogma or the creed,—while they are helping to undermine the only proper historical cause of that effect.

Any man who rejects the infallibility of Scripture has no really logical reason for retaining a belief in the dogma of the Trinity. But there seems to be a good many reasons which are not so logical which prompt men to hold to Trinitarianism after surrendering the authority of the documentary Scriptures.

Among these reasons are: historic sentiment, denominational requirements, personal interests, and a feeling that loyalty to Jesus Christ involves Trinitarianism. Only the last of these need be enlarged on.

According to the records in the Gospels, Jesus never required any one to believe in his pre-existence or in his miraculous birth or in his unique Sonship, or in any theory of his death or in any mode of his resurrection as a condition of being his follower or disciple or apostle. The requirements which Jesus made were exceedingly explicit. They were not "largely" ethical and spiritual: they were inexorably ethical and exclusively spiritual. Loyalty to Jesus is self-surrender to him as truth. Jesus is *the* truth, not *a* truth or set of so-called truths labelled Christology

A man educated in our progressive theological institutions, studying Biblical and historical questions freely, usually attaches little importance to the Trinitarian formula for himself. As he enters the ministry, he will recruit the ranks of the reticent radicals, the good men who are patiently and prayerfully undermining the creeds of their churches. The future progress of the Protestant churches seems to rest on them, and there are enough of them in almost all the larger denominations to inspire us with hope.

But they are constantly exposed to a great moral danger. They are in danger of paltering with their consciences, in danger of grasping at the rewards ecclesiastical instead of speaking out frankly just what they believe, in danger of exalting the creed at the expense of the Cross. And it is just these men who will fervently condemn this paper as tactless and unwise.

What is really loyalty to Jesus? It is not lip-worship; it is not ascribing to him metaphysical qualities that we do not understand; it is not complimenting him by crying "Lord! Lord!" It is not necessarily Trinitarianism. It is being honest; it is doing the will of his Father; it is bearing his reproach; it is willingness to endure hardness and loss and opposition for conscience sake. If Christology and Trinitarianism stand in the way of any man's free, honest, conscientious convictions as to what is essential truth, so much the worse for the dogmas; for they are stumbling-blocks that stand between him and loyal service of Jesus Christ.

Christian Register.

The Ninth Symphony.

HARK! God's own thunder breaks above my head!
Thunders of anguish and of joy, all poured
From out his soul where music reigned sole lord
Of pain, and age, and sense of hearing fled.
Thrice strongest of the sons of men! most dread
Most tender Beethoven! Unconquered soared
Thy soul above all earthly ill toward
The stars whence Joy from Love Divine is shed.
Thy soundless ear to harmonies more deep
Than earth's, was tuned; and all her discord's wail,
Suspended long, thy spirit did o'erleap
To where one mighty resolution reigns.
The master-chord of Joy thou sprang'st to hail,
Triumphant over Life's profoundest pains.

DOROTHY HOLLINS.

Religion is not a luxury; it is a necessity.

A man's character is more revealed by what he tries to do than by what he succeeds in doing.

CALL it imagination, call it wonder, call it love, whatever it be that shows us the deeper significance of the world and humanity and makes the difference between the surface-light of sagacity and the interpenetrating glow of worship, we owe to it whatever highest rtuth, whateevr trustiest guidance we have.—*James Martineau.*

Notes and Jottings.

CONGREGATIONALISTS have, during the past few weeks, been much exercised about their theology. First came the "blazing indiscretion" of the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Mr. Campbell, whatever we may think of his position as pastor of the creed-bound City Temple, is daringly frank in his utterances, and no one can accuse him of any lack of candour. But he, nevertheless, appears to have startled his brother ministers by simply speaking the truth, and the truth thus inconsiderately flung into the still pool of orthodox complacency, has given rise to an interesting effervescence. One is provoked to think (albeit with a charitable smile) of some strange and foreign substance dropped into flat champagne, and thereby stirring up its remaining vivacity. The chief objections appear to have been directed, not so much against the truth as against its open publication. Theological diplomacy, like politics, appears to be much concerned to keep its mysteries hidden with the wise and prudent, lest it be injudiciously revealed unto babes. But the world has yet preserved grace enough to love the virtue of imprudent veracity, and Mr. Campbell has come out of the controversy justified and even extolled.

His particular indiscretion consisted in declaring that "the fall" was a fiction, and that "*Christ is divine—so are we.*" This is the universal and underlying truth of the Incarnation theory, on which Unitarians have long insisted. To deny the Divinity, as distinct from the Deity of Christ, is of course to deny that God has any living relation with Humanity, and that man is the Temple of the Holy Spirit. We hail Mr. Campbell as a comrade and an ally in the work of liberating this important Christian truth from the limitations of an obsolete ecclesiastical dogma.

But the little flutter thus excited in the Congregationalist camp has been lost in the fiercer flapping of wings at the recent meetings of the Union in Wolverhampton. This was caused by a startling repudiation of Dr. Barrett's paper in defence of the Virgin Birth. According to him it was impossible to hold the truth of the Incarnation if we abandoned the dogma of the Virgin Birth. He argued that we could not affirm the one and deny the other. He did not believe that those who rejected the Virgin Birth could long retain the Incarnation, and with the Incarnation went the Deity of Christ.

Principal Richie, of Nottingham, spiritedly opposed this view. He could not find in Paul any implication of the Virgin Birth, and the first chapters of Matthew and Luke presented great critical difficulties. Did they guarantee the sinlessness of Christ by simply eliminating the human father? Must they not go on to the Roman Catholic doctrine of the immaculate conception of the mother?

He was followed by Dr. Duff, who said that the matter of the Virgin Birth was a biological, physiological matter for the medical man rather than for the theologian. The theologian's business was to see what the soul of the sinner needed. He concluded effectively, even dramatically, with the abrupt remark, "*Brothers, let us get to business.*"

There followed a long silence. One might sit and almost hear the souls of the audience growing in the stillness. At last the painful hush was broken by cries for that redoubtable champion of orthodoxy—Dr. Forsyth. Alas for the hopes of the meeting. He also joined in this open repudiation of Dr. Barrett's paper, and went even beyond the preceding speakers. They could not, he admitted, ignore the existence of Virgin Birth stories in earlier religions. The exaggerated importance attached to this dogma in Christian History had been very unfortunate from the ethical point of view. He concluded with a remark exceedingly naive and bland. It might be, he said, that *the removal of the emphasis from the Virgin Birth* to the Cross would *kill Unitarianism*, or at least take the sting out of it for young people.

This way of *killing Unitarianism* seems to the present writer an extremely vivifying process. If only Dr. Forsyth and his colleagues

would also remove the emphasis from the dogma of the Trinity and a few other orthodox doctrines, Unitarianism would be so effectually killed that it would be positively jumping with life. No wonder that Mr. W. B. Wilson denounced the professors who, he roundly asserted, were destroying the faith taught him at his mother's knee. But we confess to rubbing our eyes when we read that resounding cheers were aroused when he declared that Luke was a medical man and accepted the Virgin Birth. To bring in Luke as an expert scientific witness reveals a logical destitution that oppresses us. Were the cheers ironical?

Once more the Rev. R. J. Campbell has shown himself a man with the courage of his convictions. Interviewed by a *Tribune* representative, he declared straightforwardly that "The Virgin Birth is not a fundamental part of the Christian faith. Christianity does not rest upon the dogma. The idea of a Virgin Birth is older than Christianity by ages—by thousands of years. It is a symbolical statement of a great truth—a truth common to several ancient peoples. It is this—out of the chaos and darkness the Spirit of God evolves order and beauty, life and light. The idea is, of course, that matter is the matrix out of which the Divine Spirit produces a Divine humanity. The doctrine that there was a birth without a human father is, of course, a very crude and misleading presentation of a great truth."

Having thus come back to common-sense, let us meet the plea that the Apostles Creed should be taught in the State Schools with Dr. Duff's admirable and conclusive remark, "*Brothers, let us get to business.*"

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

"Seed Corn."

(Sayings by the Late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton.

Life has no more to give than the opportunity for loving service.

Happiness is growth into the purpose of the world.

In dealing with ourselves after we have "let the ape and the tiger die," we have to deal with the donkey, which is a more intractable and enduring animal than the others.

Nothing does good to others except what comes out of your own experience.

Progresss comes from dissatisfaction.

What a man sees depends very much on the eyes he takes to see with.

Art is the veil of beauty over love.

True pleasures pacify and do not excite.

We cannot improve the world faster than we improve ourselves.

The mind which has been trained in any right method has gained power which can be applied to any object.

The mistake that young people make is to think they can all be Romeos and Juliets—that is nonsense. Falling in love is a gift like everything else. People keep asking themselves, "Is this the real thing?" instead of asking whether it is the best they are capable of?"

The pursuit of knowledge teaches reverence.

The surest sign of social progress is increasing interest in *the generation that is to come.*

Liberty is frequently regarded as if it were only a right; but it is also a serious responsibility. The great question for the modern world to determine is how men are to be fitted to bear the heavy burden of liberty.

The fact that man has the power of asking questions which transcend the natural order is a fact to be accounted for.

Faith also appeals to facts, the facts of consciousness.

Personal Experience.

THE wonderful thing to me is not that there is so much desire in the world to express our little portion of the joy, the grief, the mystery of it all, but that there is so little. I wish with all my heart that there was more instinct for personal expression. Edward Fitzgerald said that he wished we had more lives of obscure persons. One wants to know what other people are thinking and feeling about it all, what joys they anticipate, what fears they sustain, how they regard the end and cessation of life and perception which waits for us all. The worst of it is that people are often so modest. They think that their own experience is so dull, so unromantic, so uninteresting. It is an entire mistake. If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a facinating document. My only sorrow is that the amateurs of whom I have spoken above will not do this! They rather turn to external and impersonal impressions, relate definite things,—what they see on their travels, for instance, describing just the things which anyone can see. They tend to indulge in the melancholy labour of translation, or employ customary, familiar forms, such as the novel or the play. If only they would write diaries and publish them, compose imaginary letters, let one inside the house of self instead of keeping one wandering in the park! The real interest of literature is the apprehending of other points of view. One spends an immense time in what is called society, in the pursuit of other people's views; but what a very little grain results from an intolerable deal of chaff! And all because people are conventional and not simple-minded, because they will not say what they think. Indeed, they will not, as a rule, try to find out what they do think, but prefer to traffic with the conventional counters. Yet what a refreshment it is to meet with a perfectly sincere person, who makes you feel that you are in real contact with a human being! This is what we ought to aim at in writing,—at a perfectly sincere presentment of our thoughts We cannot, of course, all of us hope to have views upon art, upon theology, upon politics, upon education, because we may not have any experience in these subjects; but we have all of us experience in life, in nature, in emotion, in religion; and to express what we feel as sincerely as we can is certainly useful to ourselves, because it clears our view, leads us not to confuse hopes with certainties, enables us to disentangle what we really believe from what we conventionally adopt.—*Cornhill Magazine*

Pleasantries.

ADDRESSING a political gathering the other day, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

HERE is an effective piece of dramatic criticism, said to have been printed in a rural paper in Indiana. A raw company of the "kerosene circuit" played "Hamlet," and the next day the editor wrote: "Mr. So-and-so and his company played 'Hamlet' in the Town Hall last night. It was a great social event. There has been a long discussion as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the play commonly attributed to Shakespeare. It can be easily settled now. Let the graves of the two writers be opened. The one who turned over last night is the author."—*New York Tribune.*

MR. SIDENER had made his first public speech. He waited for his wife's verdict, but she was strangely silent. He had expected her to say, "Oh, it was simply great, Eddy!" But they were half-way home, and she had said nothing. "Well," he began awkwardly, "what did you think of my speech?" "What you said was all right," she answered with guarded enthusiasm. "But it seemed to me you didn't make the most of your opportunities." "Opportunities?" repeated Mr. Sidener. "What do you mean, Effie?' "Why," Mrs. Sidener replied, "you had ever so many chances to sit down before you did."—*Exchange.*

A church fabric is a messenger of spiritual truth, perpetually set before the eyes of men.

A Violin.

On the edge of the Black Forest in Italy there once grew, near to a group of statlier brothers, a stunted and deformed maple. It was very ugly, and old for its size, for the soil in which it stood was poor, and its growth had been very slow. In the long summer it nearly famished, and in the winter it cried aloud when the rough winds twisted its knotty limbs. Everything seemed against it. The wild boar from the forest whetted his tusks against it, and it groaned in pain. The powerful aurochs bruised it with his horns, and again it cried. The shapely brothers often amused themselves with cruel jests at the ugly little brother's deformity.

One day a man with an axe came through the forest. He stopped beside the little maple, and having removed his coat, drove his axe into the gnarled little body. The tree cried out under the pain, but the man did not hear. "Why," it wept, "does all the trouble come to me? Why do I have to suffer so?"

Presently it fell with a crash, and its poor, crooked arms were badly broken. But its troubles were not over. The man began cutting again, this time farther up the trunk; and presently, having severed it from the limbs, he placed it upon his shoulders and carried it to his home, where he threw it rudely upon the floor in the corner of his workshop.

Here it lay for long months, and often it bewailed its happy fate and longed for the happy life of the shapely brothers in the forest. One day the man drew it from the corner and began to punish it more severely than ever. He split it, and chopped it, and planed it, and bent it, and bowed it. He joined the pieces together into an odd-shaped little box, glued them, and bound them with heavy thongs.

After a time he removed the thongs, and, having stretched strings from end to end above the upper surface, he drew across them a bow.

A strange and most delicious thrill ran through the little maple. The tiny cells that had known little save pain now began to dance for joy. They met and kissed each other as if they had been long-lost brothers that had found each other.

Years passed away, and Andrea Amati (for that was the man's name) died, and his favourite violin (for that is what the little maple had become) was sold to a great musician. What tones did he bring from the violin! He said that the soul of the old violin-maker was in the instrument. I cannot say: at any rate it had moods. Sometimes, when the musician played, it would laugh like merry children at their games, and at other times it would sob like a lost soul.

The second musician died, and the violin went to another; and so it passed from man to man, and the years sped away.

At last it found itself the prize of Ole Bull; and the great artist loved the little maple as if it had been his own child, though it was much older than he. One night Ole Bull stood upon the stage of a theatre before a vast audience of ladies and gentlemen who had come to hear the music he could draw from his great violin. He held the maple against his throat and played the liquid notes. Men wept, women grew hysterical, and the great audience rose to its feet and clapped its hands and waved handkerchiefs.

At last the audience was gone, the lights in the theatre were extinguished, and the little maple, now an old violin worth its weight in gold, was lying in its plush-lined case, when the soul of the old violin-maker, coming close, heard it softly weeping.

"Why," said Amati, "do you weep, little maple? Are you unhappy?"

"No," said the violin. "I am not unhappy. I am very happy, for now I am making others happy. I am not weeping for myself, but for my shaply brothers who lived long ago in the Black Forest, but now have crumbled back to dust."

Bobby's Question.

The scholars were standing in two little rows;
The sun through the windows shone bright,
While soft little airs on the tips of their toes
Came tripping with April delight.
And Bobby looked up as they gently went by;
They told him a tale of the spring,
And talked of the clouds in the happy blue sky,
And all that summer would bring.
He heard not the voice of the teacher at all,
His thoughts had gone out with the sun;
He stood with the others, his back to the wall,
Absorbed till the lesson was done.
"Now ask me some questions," the teacher had cried,
"Just any that chance to occur."
Bobby's fingers went up, and he solemnly sighed,
"How long till the holidays, sir?"

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry;
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold.

The Children's Service.

St. Matthew xxi., 16.

(From the German of Gerok.)

THE church bells are ringing for service,
The elders have gone to pray,
And only three curly-haired babies
Are left to their prattle and play.

Too young they, too restless and merry
To go to the house of the Lord;
But, left to themselves, they have fashioned
A church of their own sweet accord.

They sit in a row, loudly chanting
From books which they hold upside down,
And while their small voices are ringing
Their baby brows pucker and frown.

Not one sings in tune with the others,
Not one of its song knows one word—
But, babies, sing on, for in Heaven
Your songs and their meaning are heard.

Sing on, for your guardian angels
Sing near to the Father of All,
Whose tender heart bends to the children,
Who knows them and answers their call.

Sing on, as the birds in the garden
Sing songs which rise up to Heaven's height:
From pure hearts such innocent music
Is like unto prayer in God's sight.

Sing on, for we also, though childhood
Lies far in the past, sing like you,
With books upside down, though we fancy
Our songs, as our reasons, ring true.

Sing on, for we also, though singing,
From music, and keeping good time,
Strike false notes, when chiding our brother,
Whose song has a different rhyme.

Sing on, for what is all our singing,
Though perfect its music appear?
A voice as of babes and of sucklings
That seeks the Eternal One's ear.

H. F.

"THE everlasting arms,"—I think of that whenever rest is sweet, how the whole earth and the strength of it—that is, almightiness—is beneath every tired creature to give it rest, holding us always. No thought of God is closer than that. No human tenderness of patience is greater than that which gathers in its arms a little child and holds it, heedless of weariness.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

Life's Denials.

THERE is scarcely a career, however humble, that has not had some good chance, so called, some opportunity for betterment in fortune, position, or the consideration of men, that has not been neglected or missed through inadvertence or accident. The sharp-sighted, alert, and wide awake are few: the heedless and half-blind are many. When friend speaks to friend in confidence, there is generally a story to tell of something that some time came just within reach, a dazzling bit of luck, and was allowed to drift by and fall into other hands.

The sting of life's denials is in the souls of thousands in our mills, mines, and workshops. It is even in our kitchens, among those who seem the least intelligent. It seems useless to preach to the classes who have this eternal want in their souls. We cannot answer their complaints in simple words. Our high-flown and far-fetched explanations do not tell. We would console them for what they have not, but we cannot do it without giving ourselves away.

They are struggling, they will continue to struggle until they have attained, and then perhaps they will come to understand that the chief advantage of it all lay in the struggle itself. To produce a human being capable of struggling, and attaining or, if attainment is impossible, of dying bravely without complaint or murmur seems to be very precious to Nature, Providence, or God, call it what you will. Thousands, perhaps millions, of her bravest and best have so lived and died. If we could feel that it is good for us to go past the path that leads to wealth and ease, and take the road to Poverty Flats, hard work, and plain living, much of the bitterness and gall that now exudes in brutal, low deeds would be harmlessly drawn away. This putting off of our failures on some mysterious, malign power that loves to mislead and fool the simple soul is a wonderfully soothing salve to wounded pride and self-love; but it never added a grain of manhood or womanhood to the precious working, saving force of the world.

There is nothing to show that nature or fate has favourites though the phrase has become stereotyped and deeply ingrained in the

public mind. If her highest aim were to make a millionaire simply and solely without any qualifying and saving clause, what a pity it would seem for her to take such pains for a result really so insignificant! Sometimes we hear it said, by one who has known the pain of a great denial: "Perhaps it was better for me not to have succeeded. I lost a fine chance, but perhaps I am more of a man than if I had not lost in that game." The value of the game, whether lost or won, is all there,—"to be more of a man," to have more of the essential human quality, to find in every vicissitude the precious pearl of experience.

The causes of life's denials, by a very astute mind, might perhaps be calculated as accurately as a mathematical equation. But this would be only the obvious and external aspects of the case. The deeper significance is in the fact of human discipline, the lesson that takes up all of failure as well as all of so-called success, and works it into the fabric of character. We put such an overweight of importance "on what happens to us," as we say, the superficial detail of life, that the counteraction that moulds the real stuff of being hardly counts in our talk. But this is the thing that in some subtle way life takes up and weaves into a new material, not at all accidental or chancy, but with the whole weight of divine purpose upon it, until we may learn that the hard and bitter denials have saved us to ourselves, instead of killing the impulses by which we advance along the road to the higher being.

PRAYER.

I BLESS Thee, my Father and my Friend, for all that Thou hast given me, and for all that Thou hast taken from me; for all my trials and sorrows, as well as for all my joys. Thou hast mercifully led me through this wilderness, and hast borne with my many shortcomings and evil-doings. Thou art indeed most gracious and glorious, a Father of mercies and a God of love. Rouse this sluggish heart of mine, and fill it with gratitude. And be with me, Lord, for the time to come. I know not what is before me, but Thou knowest. Choose Thou my portion for me. Lead me by Thine own hand; and keep me close to Thee, day by day, and night by night. My Father, I wish to love and obey Thee. Take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee; and put away everything that hinders me from being altogether Thine. Amen.—*Ashton Oxenden.*

LORD, grant us wills to trust thee with such aim
Of hope and passionate craving of desire
That we may mount aspiring, and aspire
Still while we mount, rejoicing in thy name,
Yesterday, this day, day by day the same.
So sparks fly upward scaling heaven by fire,
Still mount and still attain not, yet draw nigher,
While they have being, to their fountain flame.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

The Seed Sower.

By Post, 1/6 per annum.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR CHURCHES TAKING 50 COPIES AND ABOVE.

13th YEAR.

It has never been subsidised, and occupies an absolutely independent position. But it is a welcome guest in many a Church and home, and we confidently appeal to our friends to make it more widely known. It has only one object—to serve the cause of Liberal Christianity by providing thoughtful literature in a popular form, which may strengthen the faith of the faithful, and enlighten the darkness of the dark.

The *Seed Sower* is admirably adapted for localising, and facilities are provided for that purpose. The circulation is already larger than that of any other magazine or journal published to meet the wants of our Free Churches. It gives a larger amount of matter, and every increase of circulation will be used to secure increased efficiency.

All business communications should be addressed to
MR. ARNOLD WOOD, WHITEHALL CHAMBERS, COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM.
Letters for the Editor to be sent to 120, Gough Road, Birmingham.

THE TEMPLAR PRESS, 168, EDMUND STREET, BIRMINGHAM